



# THE KOREA MISSION FIELD

VOL. XXVII. 看發日一月八年六和昭 (行發日一回一月每) 可認物便郵種三第日八月七年八十三治明 No. 8.

## An Outdoor Number

### SPECIAL ARTICLES:

Opportunities for an Archaeologist

H. H. Underwood, Ph. D.

Unscaled Peaks in Diamond Mountains

Dorothy Pilley

A Mountain Fairy Land

Mrs. L. McL. Smith

The Challenge of Rural Korea

J. E. Fisher, Ph. D.

"Caller Herrin" Fisher Folk

AUGUST, 1931.

SEOUL, KOREA.



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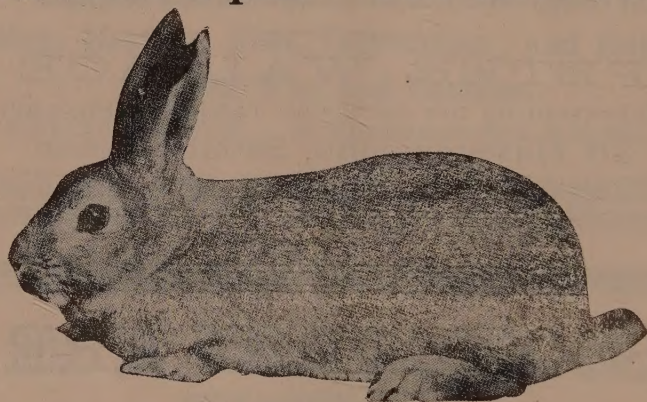
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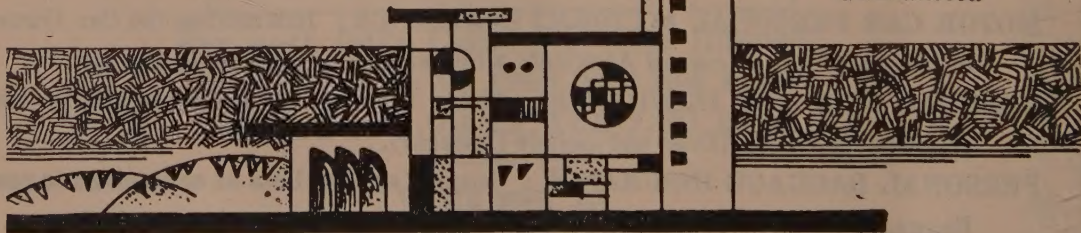
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## Contents for August, 1931.

### ILLUSTRATIONS:

An Outdoor Restaurant ... ..	Frontispiece
The Golden Buddha at Kyungju ... ..	do

### OPPORTUNITIES FOR AN ARCHAEOLOGIST IN KOREA

Horace H. Underwood, Ph. D. ... ..	157
------------------------------------	-----

### THE DIAMOND MOUNTAINS

Rev. James S. Gale, D. D. ... ..	160
----------------------------------	-----

### MANY UNSCALED PEAKS IN DIAMOND MOUNTAINS

Dorothy Pilley ... ..	163
-----------------------	-----

### A MOUNTAIN FAIRY LAND

Mrs. L. McL. Smith ... ..	165
---------------------------	-----

### THE LOVE OF NATURE

Prof. Kim Sangyong ... ..	167
---------------------------	-----

### THE CHALLENGE OF RURAL KOREA TO THE EDUCATOR

J. Earnest Fisher, Ph. D. ... ..	168
----------------------------------	-----

### THE REVISED VERSION OF ST. JOHN'S GOSPEL

Rev. M. B. Stokes ... ..	173
--------------------------	-----

### A LETTER TO A SICK GIRL

Rev. D. M. MacRae ... ..	174
--------------------------	-----

### "CALLER HERRIN" FISHER FOLK

Rev. F. S. Miller ... ..	176
--------------------------	-----

### GREETINGS FROM SYENCHUN

... ..	176
--------	-----

### WOMEN'S MEDICAL EDUCATION

Mrs. Rosetta S. Hall, M. D. ... ..	177
------------------------------------	-----

### HELPING HANDS

Rev. J. Kelly Unger ... ..	178
----------------------------	-----

### NOTES AND PERSONALS

... ..	168
--------	-----

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# THE KOREA MISSION FIELD

A Monthly Journal of Christian Progress

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VOL. XXVII.

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No. 8

## Opportunities for an Archaeologist in Korea

HORACE H. UNDERWOOD, PH. D

SINCE WORDS have not the fixed values which we might sometimes wish for them, it is often helpful to find or make a definition before proceeding to take too great liberties with a title. Fearing lest I might be talking about the wrong man I took the trouble to consult the dictionary as to the functions of an archaeologist, and am happy to inform the readers that under this title one may proceed "to investigate any of the prehistoric, traditional and historic relics of man from which knowledge of the country may be obtained."

We all know that we are living in a very old country. Kija, of some two thousand years ago, seems quite a step into the past to most of us, and certainly there is a vast field for investigation in this, the historic period of the peninsula's life. Turning for a moment from the archaeologist to the fruits of his labor, we might remind the reader that there is no good history of Korea available for English readers, and we probably would not be far off if we included all languages.

But preceding the fruitage there is much to be done. Comes now a Korean writer who attempts to relegate Kija himself to the limbo of fiction and banish him from Korean history as he was in the flesh banished from China. Are there monuments, manuscripts, buried stones, weapons and other evidences which will enable the old man to rest easy in his grave at Pyengyang, or will these relics mere-

ly serve to still further explode the tradition and bring forth some other skeleton from the grave? (The metaphors are not more mixed than the claims and counter claims on the subject).

Inextricably mingled with the relics of the Kija period are remains which need to be sorted out and their story told to the present generation. Just what material there is we do not know, for as yet no thorough going investigation of the sites of old cities has been made, nor any real survey of the field of many of these remains, though a very large amount of careful work of a thorough nature is embodied in the achievements of the Government reported in the beautiful volumes on "Korean Ancient Remains".

To step back from the historic into the "traditional" swings our attention half the length of the peninsula from Pyengyang to Seoul, or rather to Kangwha Island and Tangun's Altar. The more ardent Korean patriots like to date this year not as "1931" nor yet as "Showa's 6th Year" (Japanese) but as "the Year 4266 since Tangun". From where I sit, as I write this, it is my good fortune to be able to look out and see against the horizon the high peak of Mt. Mari, on Kangwha Island, which is crowned by that hoary relic of by-gone times—Tangun's altar. Chip off, discount if you must, a paltry 1000 years and you still have an age sufficient to insure against frivolity or unseemly behavior. Whatever



the present generation may do, the altar sits in the dignity and serenity born from having seen two hundred generations perform their capers and slip silently beneath the sod. What is the history on which those stones are piled and what the facts whose smoke on the altar signals to us from that distant time?

The tradition of Tangun, far from being ridiculous has a sublimity of ideals that scarce needs to borrow dignity from age! But ridiculous or sublime we are gradually learning to respect traditions as clues to the buried treasures of unwritten history. We get a hearty laugh out of the story of the fifty three Buddhas sailing serenely over mountains, plains and mountainous seas in a stone boat all the way from Northern India to the Diamond Mountains. We may laugh at the boat and the bland Buddhas, but does there lie behind those bland smiles and sightless eyes at Yuchumsa (Yusenji) an untold story of some introduction of Buddhism prior to the usually accepted date of 376 A. D.? Did some intrepid disciple of Gautama's Doctrine find his way by chance of wind and wave to the coast of Korea and so to peace and contemplation in this beauty spot of the Orient? Thus far we know of nothing to support the tradition nor where to seek. The search might lead the student to the point of "embarkation" in ....., a wide enough field, surely, for the most ambitious, and a trail to puzzle Sherlock Holmes or Lecoq.

And back of tradition? We do not know how much there is back of these faint whispers of the past. But he must be a dull soul, or more like without a soul, who can pass a *dolmen* without a thrill! Back it goes and back and still further back, and round the world the trail leads from Korea to Stonehenge. Eul Yul and Anak in Whanghai Province have the largest collections of these relics of men before metal, but Kangwha Island and as far south as the borders of Kyungsang Province can boast of dolmens. Scientists speculate and theorize about the "dolmenic people" and the huge structures they left us,

but the great stones stand as mute and inscrutable as the proverbial Sphinx, to whose christening they doubtless sent "regrets" on account of their advanced age!

Less bulky, undoubtedly much younger, but none the less interesting is pottery. I understand that those pieces so opportunely comforting to Job in his affliction have not yet been positively identified. If we adopt McLeod's theory that the Koreans are the Lost Ten Tribes, who knows but one of these identical potsherds may yet grace the Seoul Museum!

But without waiting for this, or embracing Mr. McLeod's interesting thesis, there are a number of places where excavation and research should bring to light valuable treasures. Three or four miles south of the limits of the historic city of Kyungju the hills yield rich quantities of broken pottery. Valueless it is, most of it, save to that vivid imagination which builds a city on the rim of a bowl.

But worthless as these particular pieces may be, it seems certain that they, and the faint line of a rampart, mark a city or town antedating the historic Kyungju, which itself is of no mean age. Nor does "the glory which was" the Kingdom of Silla alone offer opportunities; Pakche, Mahan and other early kingdoms were built on tribal organizations where men had lived and eaten and attempted in various ways to perpetuate their memories.

Or, coming back to more imposing monuments, who can answer the questions to be asked about the various "*Miryok*" scattered about the country? Some of them are undoubtedly Buddhistic and therefore mere babes, with not more than 1,500 years behind them at the most liberal estimate. Most of these have their birth duly recorded in the very excellent Korean histories of the time. All the *miryok* are commonly attributed to Buddhism, but, there are peculiarities about some of them that have led observers to assign them a greater age and to see in them monuments of a faith older than Prince Siddhartha's.



And Buddhism itself! Who was Mukocha—the Black Priest? What is the significance of the beautiful female figures in the Sokkulam? Why the Semetic countenances of some of the male figures in the same cave? They are commonly and glibly dubbed "*Posal*" (Bodhisattvas) but why? Who? Which? What about Dr. Rufus' theory as to the influence of Manicheism in the same temple? What of Mrs. Gordon's theories of "Eastern Christology and the Mahayana?" What about —? But so the question marks run,—from Fusan to Wiju and from the twisted bays and channels of the Yellow Sea, where many Visitors landed, to the Sea that faces Japan where some of them went. All this without venturing by sea to Degelet Island or to Quelpart with its matriarchal system and traditions of another race.

Nor need we suppose that the whole field is being covered by the Government or by Korean scholars. The latter as yet are unfortunately too rare in this particular field. But certainly all who know anything of the country would be ready to admit that both figuratively and literally the surface has been barely scratched.

But does not this type of work require a highly specialized training, and what has it to do with missionary work anyway?

To the first question it is of course necessary to answer "Yes". On the other hand there is a vast amount of more superficial and, in a sense preliminary, observation and study which lies within the reach of any educated resident who cares to take the time and trouble to reduce his observations from the "anecdotal" to the scientific basis. It is worth remembering that time is a distinct factor in this work. Fifteen years ago the old cannon on the Han Forts were still to be seen. None are left today. Lieut. Foulk was told 40 years ago that the skeleton of the famous "Turtle boat" was still on the shore; today of course not a vestige remains.

As to the connection with and place in missionary work a variety of answers may be

made. The extreme modernistic mind considers all contacts of Orient and Occident, all methods of "liason" of equal value! The opposite extreme, in which all these relics are thought of as "heathenish" and hence to be destroyed as of the devil, hardly exists today. Most missionaries consider that they are in Korea to devote their entire working time to the one prime objective of spreading the Gospel of Christ. On the other hand they realize the value of interpreting the Orient to the Occident and every individual has more or less of leisure time which he rightfully considers as relatively at his own disposal. While on our "lawful occasions" there is much to be observed, studied and interpreted. Long residence, knowledge and intimate relations with the people will not make us into archaeologists but should help those so inclined to do much valuable preliminary work. Of course the critic of missionaries is ready in either case. At one moment he flays "the ignorance and stupidity which ignores for years the priceless treasures of the Orient", and at the next he attacks "those who, though sent out to preach the Gospel, are little more than curio hunters, or attempt studies for which they are in no way fitted". This being taken for granted as part of the day's routine, it is still possible, without in the least forgetting the one Great Cause, to do much valuable work along this line. The only Occidental society in Korea specifically interested in anything even related to archaeology is the Korea Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society. Some valuable research has been done by the members of this society and more may be expected in the future, though real archaeological research must of course be done by real archaeologists.

The final work will surely be done by trained Koreans and all we can do is to help a little in the meantime or to stimulate interest. Certainly Korea as a field for archaeology is rich in opportunities and I feel sure that the pages of the KOREA MISSION FIELD will be open to any archaeologists who may feel the lure of Korea.



# The Diamond Mountains

JAMES S. GALE, D. D.

*From Records of the Royal Asiatic Society (Korea Branch)*

**K** EUM-KANG SAN (金剛山), or the Diamond Mountains, is the famous region that lies to the east of central Korea between the lines of latitude 33.35—38.40 and longitude 128.2—128.12.

One Korean writer says, "From ancient times kings have wandered over it; priests of the Buddha have extolled its beauties; great scholars have sung its praises, artists have painted its views, but none have done it justice. It was the wonder of East Asia in the past, now it is gradually becoming a wonder of the world."

It has four names that correspond to the four seasons. In spring it is called Keum-kang, the Diamond Mountains; in summer, Pong-nai (蓬萊) Fairyland; in autumn, P'oong-ak (楓岳) Tinted Leaves; and in winter, Kai-kol (皆骨) Bare Bones.

Speaking of these various names, one writer says: "From the 4th Moon to the 5th, the azalias and rhodendrons come out in quick succession, and all the valleys are as though coloured by an artist's skill. Flowers are seen on the faces of the time-worn eerie rocks, while the sound of bees and butterflies, and the calls of the birds fill the air with music.

"Though this is so on the lower level, higher up you will find snow still in the crevices of the rocks. So it is called in springtime the Diamond Mountains.

"In summer, luxuriant leaves and flowers fill every valley, accompanied by cool shades and soft tints of green. The water, rushing through the narrow gorges, sings to one as on a harp, while great rocks crowd about like fallen fragments from the Milky Way. Spray, like flakes of powdered marble, is flung across the line of vision. This is Summer.

"When rains come on, the waters rush down and the streams increase till the roar

of them is heard as though the hills were giving way. Travel ceases, and all the world stops still, while danger lurks on every side.

"In these summer months we call it Pong-nai, the world of the Fairy.

"In autumn, the distant sky hangs high overhead, and all the peaks wear a look of sadness, while the breeze rustles mournfully through the fallen leaves. In every glade colour breaks forth as though done by a dyer's skill. The hills become a fabric of the reds and greens of nature's soft embroidery. Anyone having sorrow or trouble of heart will find relief at this season in writing out his woes. Thus is it called P'oong-ak, Autumn Tints.

"Following this comes the fierce, relentless grip of winter, a terror to all mankind, when its name is changed to Bare Bones Mountain."

From an old Korean book I extract the following; "The Ch'un-ma (天摩) Hills of Songdo are like young lords dressed in light armour astride fast horses, that wheel down upon you as the falling snow.

"The Chi-ri (智異) Hills of Chulla Province, abundantly satisfied, sit like merchant princes rolling in wealth, all the treasures of world at their feet, gems and jewels.

"The Ke-ryong (鷄龍) Hills are bright and beautiful, like Confucius and his disciples in the Hall of Music, where An-ja plays the harp and Chung-ja sings.

"The Ka-ya (加耶) Hills, neat and comely, are like a group of pretty girls, fresh as springtime, out on the banks of the river.

"The Sam-gak (三角) Hills stand up sharply defined like Paik-i (伯夷) and Sook-je (齊叔) gathering herbs.

"But Keum-kang finds no words to do it justice."



## THE DIAMOND MOUNTAINS

Kwun Keun (權近), who was born in 1352 A. D. and died in 1409, nearly a hundred years before America was discovered, wrote:

"When I was young I learned how everybody wished to see the Diamond Mountains, and sighed over my own failure to visit them. I heard, too, that many people hang pictures of them in their rooms and bow before them. Such is the burning desire that would peer into these mystic glades.

"I was born in Korea, only a few hundred li from these mountains, and yet I have never seen them. Bit and bridle of office and affairs of state have so held me in that I have not had a chance, no not once, to visit them, and yet the persistent desire has ever been in my heart to make the journey.

"In the autumn of the year Pyung-ja (1396 A. D.), when I went as envoy to China, and had many opportunities to meet the Emperor, His Majesty suggested subjects for me to write poems on, a score and more, and among them was one "The Diamond Mountains." I knew then how widely their report had gone abroad, and that what I had heard as a boy was more than true. I was so sorry I had never seen them for myself, but I made a resolve that if God blessed me with a safe return, I would assuredly go and see them, and thus pay the debt to my long cherished desire."

Mr. Kwun wrote for the Ming Emperor a poem that runs something like this :

Like snow they stand, ten thousand shafted peaks,  
Whose clouds awake and lotus buds break forth.  
Celestial lights flash from the boiling deep,  
And air untainted coils the hills around.  
The humpy sky-line forms a walk for birds;  
While down the valley step the fairy's feet.  
I long to sit me on these lifted heights,  
And gaze down on the vasty deep and rest my soul.

There is no record that Mr. Kwun ever saw these hills, or got beyond his dream of the Diamond Mountains. He is the famous scholar known as Master Yang-ch'on (陽村) whose collected works today are among the treasures of the East.

He tells us in plainest terms how great a hold these enchanted hills had upon Korea's world in the days of Goffrey Chaucer, who was Mr. Kwun's contemporary. While people were travelling to Canterbury in England, long lines of pilgrims were also wending their way to this ancient, religious haunt.

As introductory to a closer view I quote the famous scholar, Yi Whang (李滉). Born in 1501, and dying in 1570 A. D., he rose to be a religious teacher of the first order, and his tablet stands No. 52 on the east side of the Master in the Temple of Confucius.

In his preface to a book on the Diamond Mountains by Hong Eung-kil (洪應吉) he writes:

"My friend, Hong Eung-kil, a man of great learning, and born with a special love of nature, in the 4th Moon of this year (1553 A. D.), along with two friends decided to visit the Diamond Mountains, and other immediate places of interest. He returned more than satisfied, full of delight in fact, over his pilgrimage. I regretted deeply that I had not shared it with him, so by way of consolation, I asked to see his notes. On reading them I realized more than ever that these mountains are a wonder of the world.

Master Hong knows well not only how to enjoy nature, but also how to record his impressions.

"According to him the Diamond Mountains are a matchless creation. 'Their peaks, and points, and spurs, and horns, are massed together as though the gods had fashioned them and the angels trimmed them off; no end is there to their variety of form and colour, and one can never grasp the extent of their mystic meaning. He who first sees them is dazed, for to east and west he beholds a bewildering vision impossible to describe.'

"Hong's book takes the reader little by little into the advancing wonders; leads him past this point and that, by the windings of the streams, up to their source; tells where the valleys widen and narrow down, how they circle about; brings him into the most difficult



and secluded places; faces him with every kind of danger; rejoices over surprises; is lulled by the vast quiet and yet never falls into any weariness of expression. Though he loves the odd and weird, yet he maintains his poise as he notes them down. He ascends the giddy heights and looks off upon the world beneath him; he beholds the distant waters of the sea and washes hat-strings in its pearly deeps.

"Hong never loses that sense of power that the first look conveys, and his joy never falters. His delight comes not so much from the height of the mountains or the depth of the mountains or the depth of the sea, as from the beauty and comeliness of all combined. A most delightful report he has given that has refreshed my soul.

*"Autumn 1553."*

That was a long time ago, when we think of its being eleven years before Shakespeare was born.

Here is another tribute to Mr. Hong's book on the Diamond Mountains, written by Korea's most famous saint, Yool-gok, in 1576. Yool-gok (栗谷) is the Confucius of Korea, first in letters, and first in religion. His name is revered as one of the great Sages of the East. He tried Buddhism in his early years, and went and lived for a time in the Diamond Mountains but he gave it up later and became an ardent student of the Chinese Classics. His tablet stands No. 52 on the west side of the Master in the Confucian Temple.

He says: "For natural beauty, no land is superior to Korea, and in Korea what can equal the Diamond Mountains? Great numbers of the literati have visited them and written an account of their journey but among them all my friend Hong has most nearly touched the heart of the matter. While his record is detailed it is never wearisome; it is beautiful but never boastful. In it he tells of the contour of the mountains, the source and direction of the streams; how this region swallows down the clouds, and that vomits forth the mist; how the woods congregate, and the rocks roll their forms together. Endless views and prospects he has recorded, with a most delightful pen. Nothing more is left to be said. Those who read his book have seen the myriad peaks with their very own eyes, for such descriptions as his equal the beauty of the hills themselves.

"We know that all created things are under divine law, from the sun and moon that are above us, to the grass and herbage that are beneath our feet. Even the chaff and refuse enter the appointment of the divine mind. By means of these He would teach us His will. But though man sees them he so often remains unconscious of what they mean; in fact he might just as well have never seen them at all.

"So often when the literati visit the Diamond Mountains they see them only with the fleshly eyes, forgetting that the inner soul should see as well."





# Many Unscaled Peaks in Diamond Mountains

DOROTHY PILLEY

"Dorothy Pilley" is the nom de plume of Mrs. I. A. Richards, a well known mountaineer who is on a visit to Japan. Mrs. Richards is a member of The Ladies Alpine Club and is editor of The Pinnacle Journal. She has made a number of first ascents in the European Alps.

**P**ERHPAS IF YOU are a tourist you do not think there are any Diamond Mountains, or perhaps you put them in South Africa, somewhere between the Witwatersrand and the Mountains of the Moon? I did, I remember, when I first heard of them under their other name of Kongo San, but in spite of this they really are in the Land of Morning Calm, or Korea as we say. These mountains are situated about the centre of the N. E. coast and cover an area of about 10 miles square, rising to summits of 5,500 ft. and offering climbing of the highest order of difficulty.

When I knew a little more about them I still thought that to reach them I would need a crowd of Livingstones, Stanleys and Roy Chapman Andrewses and a whole exploring outfit. Instead of which you just leave a luxurious hotel at Seoul, go for six hours by comfortable train and motor and there you are, nothing simpler. It is actually a shade less troublesome than going from London up to the Lake District or North Wales.

## Magnificent Walks

All the way through, these Korean mountains mix their fairy tale quality with a train of practical facilities. Motor cars and sound little hotels, run on foreign lines by the Government railway, make things quite simple for the traveller. Two women may perfectly well make the tour of the region either with or without guides, as fancy moves them. Quite apart from mountaineering there are magnificent walks through river scenery which is not quite like any other in the world. Granite slabs, smooth, unbroken, clean-cut, rear themselves, with pine trees contorted into

fantastic scapes clinging sturdily to every hold. Down where the water rushes along, real diamond-water so clear it is and sparkling, the granite has set itself into vast horizontal slabs, so solid, that you can walk for hundreds of yards, as though on a smooth, jointless pavement. The fascination of the clear rock and the perfect water under the wild pines is endless.

There are temples, too, where men and women, alike in their grey linen trousers, tunics and shaven heads, live contemplative lives, rising at 4. a. m. to beat out long litanies upon their bells. These temples have one feature which neither China nor Japan can show—temple gardens like English herbaceous borders, fringing with gorgeous splendor the path that leads to the low steps and modest door. Inside, the caves may be rich with flower carvings in a dozen hues.

Some of these temples are so perilously perched on the cliffs that only some strong romantic passion could have poised them in such places. One of the strangest, Potokkul, has a legend attached to it which reminds one curiously of Shelley's Alastor.

## A Mountain Legend

In the eighth century there was a monk whose consuming desire was in his lifetime to meet Kwannon, the Goddess of Mercy. One night an old woman appeared to him in a dream and told him he could meet the goddess at Mekkotsuo, a village in another part of the province. After much search he found a cottage where the village was supposed to stand. He knocked. A beautiful girl opened and in answer to his inquiry replied that she was Kwannon living as a human being, and she read his mind so truly that he was convinced. But now her father, a huge and savage giant, approached. The girl hurried to explain that her father was so cruel he would



kill anyone he met but that since he was most anxious to secure a husband for her, the monk could save himself by saying he had come to marry her. He consented and they were married at once. The girl, however, would not allow him to live as her husband, saying he must remain celibate as a true monk of Buddha. One night, blinded by passion, he approached her bed. Instantly his wife and house disappeared and he found himself lying on a bare rock.

He returned to his monastery, striving to lose himself in religious studies, but ever and always he was haunted by the vision of Kwannon in the form of his wife. One day while meditating by the river side he saw Kwannon washing her face in a pool. As he ran towards her she vanished. Wondering if his eyes had deceived him he walked on, and again saw Kwannon reflected in the clear water. Glancing up he beheld her standing in a cave on the cliff. As he went to her, calling, she withdrew into the cave admonishing him to put aside all thought of her and devote himself wholly to an ascetic life and the service of God. He erected a monastery upon this spot, naming it in honor of his wife. The present structure was built about 250 years ago and there is now one monk inhabiting it. Poised at one corner on a bronze pillar it overhangs the void.

### The Far East Poorly Provided

My reason for going into these mountains was to camp and investigate their possibilities as a center for rock climbing. The Far East at the moment is not very well provided for those whose favorite sport is mountaineering. Most of the Chinese mountains are closed through wars, bandits and disorder. There are, it is true, the Japanese Alps, an admirable playground. But instead of being well explored, Kongo San has a hundred virgin peaks crying to be ascended. We camped near the base of the Sushenho Ridge where a row of spear-like peaks, very reminis-

cent of the Chamonix "aiguilles," offer just as ferocious climbing.

We had put up our tent on an island of grass in the midst of one of those huge granite floors I described above, and we thought ourselves in complete solitude when suddenly we heard an unmistakably human chirrup of surprise. Out of the forest came a procession of six peasant women. Old and young they carried immense burdens and slung round them were frails of mushrooms they had been picking. After a moment they came down to examine the two of us in our little tent more closely. It looked so small, and camping seemed such a comic thing to do, that they roared with laughter. Conversation went on entirely by gesture with some success. Meanwhile two of the girls—in white nettle linen like the men—had been busy with their choppers at the forest edge. Good looking, strapping women they were, hacking away at the thick boughs. We hardly guessed their purpose and were wondering whether they proposed to camp with us. Then they came down the rock carrying, it seemed, whole trees in their arms. With a smile they showed us that it was for our watch fire during the night and with another smile they were off with their burdens through the shadow of the trees.

### A Hard Climb

We slept well that night. Such acts of generous-hearted friendliness warm one as much as the fire that blazed and roared in the night wind and sent its gleams far among the dark soaring crags above us. Next day we got up our peak, after a hard struggle with rocks so solid that a glance will often show that no hold is to be found anywhere on their smooth surface. Route finding is everything on such ground and ingenuity and judgment count much more than strength. The ability to come down comfortably, after one has gone up as far as one can, is essential for safety on these steep, exposed places.



# A Mountain Fairy Land

MRS. L. McL. SMITH

**A**PPROACHING the Diamond Mountains by sea gives a wonderful panorama, and if the sea has been rough one appreciates the solidity of those mighty hills. If the heavens have smiled on your all day voyage, the port of Chanzen is a brilliant sapphire in a setting of purpling hills, and the rocky headlands of the Sea-Kongo catch the golden glow and flush a rosy hue under the lingering caress of the sun fast sinking behind the jagged ridges of stately Piropong and fantastic Manmoulsang. However the sea, the last bit of quiet water you will see is the tiny lake nestling in the hills above the auto road to Onchungli, the Hotsprings village where, atumbling mountain brook lulls you to sleep and you dream of rushing torrents and leaping waterfalls, all to be realized daily in the glorious hikes to come. If one has a day to spare, the Ricebowl gives a chance to stretch unused muscles before the strenuous days begin, otherwise the next day's scramble to the innermost depth and uppermost height of the Valley of the Myriad Aspect of Things will leave one weary.

As the hills draw closer together the ridges are crested with a whole Stone Age menagerie, bears and lions and dogs and deer and mystical beings. The steep ascent to the Three Graces, wonderfully carved pinnacles which serve as a towering gateway to the new valley, is just a hint of what lies beyond, where the polished, glistening bed of the stream is the only path and straw shoes the only safe gripping surface. At times apparently blank walls shut you in, but the guide knows a crevice up which to climb by aid of root of creeper or cable to a new enchantment. The Gate to Hell is easy enough, but after trusting to a single wire and a very precarious foothold around a curving cliff we reach a lofty ledge, and are almost too rotundly earthy to squeeze through Heaven's Gate to the New World.

We sit on a spur of this mountain peak, thrust out between two amphitheaters, and gasp with wonder at the rival contests put on by the Colour Fairies. Softened in the cold white harshness of the rocks, thrust up like word blades are masses of flaming maples, the orange of varnish tree, aspen yellows and blood-red tendrils of grape twining over the bosom of pines so softly green. Thickly gathering clouds shut off the distant peaks and people the stage with such very shadows that we hasten to earth lest the full measure of heaven's tearful wrath be visited upon us for our stolen view of the mysteries of creation.

We go swiftly, staying not on the order of our going; slipping, sliding, screwing, scooting, all of us revert to childhood ways at times, for we dread those glassy rocks in the rain. Luckily we reach the shelter of a tea house and from there watch the rebirth of a waterfall which had been but scars on the rocky cliff.

A hard day's trip is that to the peak above the Nine Dragon Falls. At the foot of the Mount of the Fairies we drink from a monastery spring, and farther on disturb the quiet of the goldfish in a lily pool watched over by the keeper of a sub-monastery. The Outer Kongo Gate blocks our path until we discover the winding stairway among the piled up boulders. From there on the guide earns his fee all right. We cling to sheer cliff by chains and roots and leap from boulder to boulder over tumbling streams and in the spray of waterfalls. The grotto of Jewel Stream is certainly a string of sparking diamonds and translucent pearls, with here and there an emerald or sapphire, as great boulders all but block the crystal stream. Phoenix Peak guards a 507 foot waterfall, above the most trying part of the rocky climb, but if you want more thrills, by hook or crook, go to the peak 800 feet above the Dragon Falls and look



down on the eight falls above the one that dashes through a narrow crevice so far below to fling itself in the 146 foot deep pool after 300 feet of freedom! It finally worms its way out of that narrow hole but tamed by its hidden mysteries. Looking up to the crowning peak, Piropong, we feel a wild desire to follow the skyline ridge up to it and then go on to infinity. Easier perhaps than to retrace with lagging steps our morning's arduous climb.

Next morning we go by auto from Onchung-li to Hundred Streams village, there to shoulder packs in the blazing noontide heat. But before we leave the stream to its tantalizingly cool bed we eat our lunch under the great boulders which shelter Songinsa's shrines and then bury ourselves in the tangle of vines and forest primeval, whence we catch few glimpses beyond the lush green of giant ferns and the leafy screen of untouched trees. The angle of ascent is sixty degrees until we cross the ridge, and we see no trace of man until nearly at the bottom where we come across a tiny shrine in an opening purple with monkshood. From there on to Yuchumsa we follow the skidway down which an ox drags giant logs for the repair of this wealthiest of all monasteries. Founded in 5 A. D. by fifty-three monks, who came from India in a stone boat, it roused the wrath of the nine dragons who lived in the valley and they sent a storm to uproot the sturdy birch on which sat the fifty-three. The storm passed and they still sat, but on the upturned roots, as they have continued to do in effigy in the monastery ever since. A bit of sacred writing cast in the pool forced the dragons to the hills beyond, where we had just visited them, but the fifty-one times fire has come to the monastery as a sign of their still potent anger.

A night of rest on a warm floor and we are up and away by daylight, for we want the side trip to Insendai, to get a topside view of the Twelve Falls and the rest of the New Kongo we had not seen the day before. It is noon before we cross the 4300 foot, wind swept height of Anmunchai, and down into the Inner

Kongo, down, down, down,—a single slip on those-moss covered stepping stones and we would be hurled into a rocky abyss which never sees the light. Dead trees hold up their ghostly arms and beg release. The silence storms into our senses. After the eagle's nest sixty years abuilding, the bear's caves, racoons, darting squirrels and singing birds of the day before, it is with a start we glance up at the sound of a song in the first open space and there before our eyes is a sixty foot Buddha carved out of a sheer cliff. We are back on earth again, howbeit an earth trodden five centuries ago by Nanong as he carved out the Myokilsang. Soon Mahayan on its rocky ledge welcomes us to hot rice, raw eggs and wild grapes and an all too short night on a hot floor, for we were to climb Piropong next day.

Rain clouds, low and threatening, but nothing daunted we take our staves and reach what should be the beginning of a stream before the rains descend. We keep dry—in spots—under some giant boulders scooped out by the former stream and find many beautiful crystals and tungsten in the gravel. In time we make that 6,000 foot, gleaming white, crenulated crest and the great grey cloud blanket is lifted momentarily to give us a glance at an ocean of misty stormwaves below our feet. On clear days one can see as far as Wonsan but we cannot wait longer, for the wind is chilling us to the very marrow and our clothing is a damper to poetic flights. We eat our lunch in a rude shelter put up by wild-ginseng hunters, and take our aching limbs back to the heat of our floors.

Next day the Myriad Cascades Valley and Hundred Streams Gorge trip down to Changansa is child's play, and like all the trip, you must have the hearing ear and believing mind of a child while the guide tells all the interesting tales; just to name the places suggests the magic of the day. Lion Peak and Dragon Peak and other great green and russet and gold and crimson walls, tipped with whitened parapets and turrets and towers, standing guard over Alms Bowl Pool, Turtle Pool, Fairy



Basin, Green Lotus Pool, Black Dragon and Blue Clouds Pools, and Pearl Fall, Spray Fall and other singers making music in that deep glade as we cross and recross the stream on dizzying logs. Monasteries are thick but we will be content with four; Potukkul overhanging a sheer cliff and supported on a brass covered, wooden pillar, built round a grotto in which the builder obtained Buddhahood in the place where his runaway fairy bride was last seen by him; Pyohoonsa, built in the 8th century, repaired in the 14th and now getting two wonderfully fine refectories; Chungyungsa, up five li of corkscrews to the rear with its four ancient treasurers, pagoda, hexagonal hall with wonderful paintings, library of 12,000 volumes of sutras published from the wooden plates in Hainan Monastery down near Taiku, and a wonderful panorama of the Inner Konggo, and last the great Changso of which more later.

The Three Buddhas Rock, with its three great figures on one side and sixty small ones on the other, is the scene of a sculpturing contest in which the great Nanong won, and not only his defeated rival but his three sons drowned themselves in the pool below. Their bodies are there in the Wailing Pool turned to stone. A great circular rock on which are carved the zodiacal signs, turns completely around every cycle of sixty years, but we will hurry on without proving that architectural gem of the mountains, Changansa, with its memories of fifteen centuries. Fire has come from time to time, but in the fire of 1592 the three storied main temple was saved for us to marvel at—beams made of single trees three and fifty feet high, fancifully feet in diameter carved uplifted roof, altar in its three story, canopied recess, bell towers, drum towers, lesser shrines, all that makes for magnificence in the East.

## The Love of Nature

**WE** ARE all very proud of our country, especially for the abundance of scenic places. What a lot of beautiful, charming places we have over our land. Oh, perhaps tens of thousands! We have the world famous Diamond Mountains and the crystal River Han, and hundreds of other small or inferior Diamonds and Hans.

Just climb up one of these mountains around Seoul in the early morning or at sunset. What a grand, gorgeous panorama spreads itself before you. You cannot but be enraptured and exclaim, "What a privilege it is that I was born in so lovely a country!" Let us be proud of these incomparable beauties of nature. Let us really be proud of them and enjoy them.

Enjoy them? It reminds us of the sad fact that we have not fathomed its unaccountable

wealth as yet. Hitherto we have satisfied ourselves by withdrawing into haremlike chambers, and allowed the hills and streams to waste their beauty through our lack of appreciation.

The Creator has given us this magnificent and romantic corner of the world. It is a great blessing to us; it is also a privilege and a duty that we should make use of it. We should enjoy it even though we have not in the past and do not now. What a chance! You Korean young women! Know that you have sublimely beautiful mountains and waterfalls, streams and fields, and about you the seas. "The Land of the Morning Calm" opens its ever-yearning bosom to you. Go out to it, creep close to its heart, and grow strong in mind and body, and deeper in spirit.

PROF. KIM SANGYONG, Ewha College.



# The Challenge of Rural Korea to the Educator

J. EARNEST FISHER, PH. D.

**I**N THE DAYS that are now past and gone, when Korea had an Emperor and a center of government in Seoul, that same Seoul was the place toward which every ambitious scholar of the realm had his thoughts directed. To pass the Imperial examinations and be called to reside in the capital and be a minister or an official, even of very low rank, was the only thing in life that was really worth working for. Much was involved in an official appointment; it meant honor not only for the appointee but also for his family and his native village. It meant, if not actual wealth, a chance to get rich. With it all, it meant life in the capital, taking part in state functions and sharing the glory of all its gay and festive life.

Thus grew up the tradition, which has become a life attitude for most Koreans, that to live in Seoul is the only real life, and to live in the rural districts is only a poor kind of existence. Even though Korea has greatly changed in recent years, and there is very little of real honor and profit in living in Seoul, the old tradition still persists and attaches itself to other motives, and we find that most Koreans strive for a position which will allow them to live in Seoul, and regard it as a kind of calamity if they are forced by circumstances to live in a provincial town or village.

In this article I wish to maintain that Seoul is no longer the place of opportunity that it once was, and to especially show that the field for real educational endeavor at present is in rural Korea. A challenge implies a difficult task to be accomplished but, along with the realization of the difficulty, a strong faith in the possibility of accomplishment, and a clear recognition of the great value to be gained by taking up and carrying the task through to completion. For a situation to be a personal challenge to an individual, that individual must see clearly the great need in the situation and must have real faith in his own personal

powers to deal successfully with it and in the inherent improvability of the other natural and human elements involved. We believe that the rural life of Korea today has in it such possibilities for growth and achievement, that there is such a crying need here, and that the results of successfully dealing with this rural situation will be so great and far reaching in their influence on the life of Korea, that it should constitute a striking challenge to every true educator.

It may be well to say here that by educator we do not mean any person who holds a position as teacher in a school; such a person may or may not be an educator. Neither do we have in mind a person who has pursued some subject of study for many years and holds numerous academic degrees. What we mean is a person who believes deeply in the improvability of human beings and the conditions under which they live; who has some knowledge of the methods, skill, and resources needed for improving man and his environment, and who is willing to make real sacrifices, if needs be, in bringing about the desired educational ends. It is to such a person that we believe the rural situation in Korea constitutes a real challenge.

There are some facts in connection with the rural life situation in Korea which are important elements in the challenge presenting itself to the educator. These cannot be discussed at length here, but only to mention them will serve to remind the reader of their importance. In the first place, the often repeated fact that eighty-three percent of the Korean people are farmers must never be lost sight of in any discussion of this country. No attempt to deal with the economic and social life of the country, in an educational way, will be of any real value if this important fact is left out of the reckoning.

Another fact of great importance is that

## THE CHALLENGE OF RURAL KOREA TO THE EDUCATOR

present day education does not deal with children in such a way that they will be led back to the farm, to take up life there in a happier, more efficient and productive manner than their parents before them. In this connection a further fact is that the great mass of the Korean people do not look upon education as a preparation for farm life, but as a way of escape from the farm into some kind of "white collar" job.

As a result of the above facts we have the condition that primary and secondary schools are turning out thousands of students annually whose sole aim is to get into a higher school and continue their studies. Our higher schools are turning out many more graduates, looking for teaching, clerical or professional jobs, than there are jobs to go round. These graduates of higher and professional schools must be supported at a rather high standard of living whether they have jobs or not; they are also discouraged and aggrieved with conditions, and are not in the frame of mind which makes them valuable social assets to a community. Thus our schools, public, private and mission, are really aggravating the economic distress of the country rather than relieving it, and are adding to the social unrest and maladjustment now so much in evidence.

But the picture is not altogether dark; there are bright places in it, and we should look at them and derive hope and inspiration from them, for it is these bright spots that give promise of a better and happier Korea. There are abundant indications that the authorities and leaders are awakening to the real needs in Korean social and economic life. The Government is paying much more attention to the agricultural and industrial side of school education than formerly. Primary and secondary schools are stressing agriculture, and some schools are actually leading communities to see that real education may consist in preparing boys and girls for a better living on the farm.

Missions and mission boards are becoming aroused and are including in their personnel men and women with special training along

agricultural and rural improvement lines. Hardly a conference or institute is now held in church or mission circles which does not include on its program a place for dealing with rural problems in their varied aspects. Educational and social leaders are eagerly and anxiously looking for helpful suggestions and projects which will aid in improving rural conditions.

One high official in the Educational Department of the Government General recently said that they are very sympathetic toward any educational plan which has for its object the teaching of agricultural and industrial subjects. He said that the Government would give every encouragement to schools which have the vocational or trade feature uppermost in their program. There are also indications that the Korean people are in a frame of mind to take kindly to any educational program which proposes to deal in a practical way with rural problems. Students themselves are seeing the futility, for the great mass of the population, of pursuing an academic form of education.

In addition to all this we must remember that there are experts already in Korea who have knowledge equal to the solution of many problems of rural life in this country. Some experiments have been made and scientific information is available for the use of those who are ready to deal in a serious way with the many vital problems of Korean rural life. Government experts and mission experts are ready and anxious to lend aid to any rural educational program. It should always be kept in mind that in discussing rural programs we are not concerned only with the agricultural phase, (though this is absolutely vital), but with every phase of individual, family, and community life in rural sections.

Taking the educator to be such a person as we have described and facing him with the situation that we have outlined, it seems that he must feel the force of the great challenge that Korean rural life presents to him. Every true educator is inspired with the ideal of ser-



vice, and here is as great an opportunity for real human service as could possibly be opened to anyone. In the first place there is the opportunity for service leading to economic security and satisfaction. That this is a fundamental concern of the educator is now recognized wherever true education is understood. To change schools from institutions which have been a constant economic drain on the farmer, and have taken his children away never to return, or to return maladjusted and unfitted for life on the farm, into institutions which contribute toward the productivity of the farm, and make children into men and women who are happy to return to the farm to live full and rich lives there; is not this a prospect to inspire any true educator?

When we think of the thousands of Korean farmers who are selling or mortgaging their land in order to send their children through school, with the hope that one of them will some day get a salaried position and be able to support the rest of the family; and when we see how often this course of action ends in financial and spiritual ruin for all concerned, we are convinced that there must be a change. When one knows that there can be a change, that it is possible for the farmer to keep his land and make it the foundation of a happy life for himself and his family, the one who knows this is indeed inspired with the desire to do something to bring about the change in the situation in which he is involved. The teacher and educator must see that his field is not only the school in which he teaches, but the whole community of which he is a part. He must put his own knowledge, and the resources of the school at the disposal of the community. He must either personally, or through others whom he can influence, bring into the community new and more profitable ways of farming and using the land, he must encourage thrift and saving, he must give information on cooperative buying and selling, and credit facilities for the farmers of his community. The educator must become a leader and

advisor for the farmers of his community on all problems which face them, and economic problems are fundamental and must be solved first. No educational program can be called successful or worth while which leaves the individuals concerned in a worse economic condition than it found them. Life should be an integrated whole and all sides of it must be developed together, each part contributing toward the success and efficiency of the other parts. So the educator must realize that he has a great opportunity and responsibility in helping to improve the economic life of his community, and it is in the rural communities where this need for improvement is greatest.

But, as Ruskin says, "There is no wealth but life", and to increase the economic resources of individuals or communities without improving the quality of life lived would be poor and incomplete education indeed. One of the most cogent reasons for the movement of people from rural communities to Seoul and other large centers, is the drabness and poverty of life in these rural sections. In the cities there is life in many and varied forms. There are movies, athletic events, lectures, public libraries, theaters; social life is more interesting, church life is more attractive and has more interesting features. It is just along these lines that rural life may be enriched and filled with interest. Probably there is no line of educational work that brings greater immediate satisfaction than that concerned with the recreational life of a rural community. To teach people how they may themselves give plays and musical performances which will entertain and give pleasure to all who participate, either as performers or spectators, is a social service of a high order. To organize the athletic and play activities of the young and direct them into interesting and wholesome lives of endeavor yields large returns in individual and community satisfaction. The intellectual life, not only of students but also of the adults of the community, offers infinite possibilities to the wide awake and growing educator in a county. Lecture

## THE CHALLENGE OF RURAL KOREA TO THE EDUCATOR

courses, adult education along main lines, introducing good literature and educating people to read, and helping them to establish their own circulating libraries, these are some of the lines of activity which result in a rich intellectual and spiritual life. Then we have mentioned the social life; here also we have abundant opportunity for refining and elevating many of the social pastimes which already exist and for introducing many wholesome new forms of social pleasures.

The rural church offers a field which is greatly in need of real educational development. We may insist that the church is an asset to a community, that it is vital to spiritual life, and that it has a unique place in the moral and religious development of the people; but if with all our insistence the church fails to attract the people and hold their loyalty and support, and if the young people avoid it, and the church finally dies, as has happened in so many rural communities, then all our claims for the church are vain. We must establish and maintain churches which *are* assets to their communities, which hold the interest and loyalty, young and old, which in every way justify themselves as social institutions, it will then not be necessary to make any special claims regarding them. The church must be made a place of brotherly love, a place from which real spiritual power emanates, a center where love, beauty, truth, and goodness are cultivated and from which they radiate. It must be saved from prejudice and narrow mindedness, and petty ideas with regard to many human customs and habits, about which equally good and intelligent people hold quite diverse views. The narrow views which church leaders sometimes hold on questions which have little or no religious moral significance are the means of keeping some very good and intelligent people from joining up with the church, and also are the means of giving to the general public some very erroneous ideas as to the real nature and mean of Christianity. In dealing with all these problems concerning the church there

is a challenge to the true educator, who sees in the church an instrument of great spiritual and social value to any rural community. Many rural churches are failing to live up to their opportunities as social institutions, and this constitutes a call to the man who has a vision of what a church should be.

The great need in rural Korea today is for leaders. There is so much human material that is eager and anxious to be led. The people in the country villages, both young and old, are willing to follow leaders who have real intellectual and spiritual power. There is so much need for men and women who will organize and lead the parents of school children. They know so little about the work that their children are doing in the schools, and are therefore unable to cooperate in making the school work successful. The true educator does not confine his labors to the school and class room, but he realizes that the school should take in the whole community, and that the most successful work cannot be done in the school unless the whole community is interested in the school, and the school is interested in the community. This work of unification and integration between the schools and the homes that are represented in the schools is one of the finest fields for educational leadership.

Korea's future salvation lies in the development of her rural population. This has been said many times, but it must be repeated until we really believe it strongly enough to do something about it. We talk about keeping the land in the hands of Koreans, and getting the young people to stay on the land, but this talk amounts to nothing until someone really goes into a rural community, and in many actual cases, turns poor and discouraged farming families into happy, prosperous, industrious and thrifty homes. The man who succeeds in working this kind of a transformation is worthy to be called a real educational leader.

The quality most needed by the young people in Korea today is independence. What



is meant is not an idealistic state or condition, but a real quality of independence embodied in the personality of individuals. It only comes when one has so mastered his environment that he can continuously create the materials of a happy life out of it. The person who acts on his own initiative, knowing what he is doing, expecting results, and willing and able to accept full responsibility for his own actions, this is an independent person, and it should be the aim of all true education to produce such persons. Probably the experiences which come in connection with tilling the soil, and the varied round of farm life, are the experiences most naturally fitted to develop such independent personalities. Here the relation between wise choosing, and skilful and industrious acting on the one hand, and successful results on the other, are so clearly seen that lessons of personal responsibility are easily taught. Also the satisfactions derived from such experiences are great, and are seen to be directly connected with straight thinking and honest acting. What the person does as a self-directive agent, that adds the greatest enrichment to his life. Here "self-direction" implies foresight and full knowledge of consequences. The rural educator has the great opportunity of so carrying on his work that he will develop

such independent, self-directing personalities as we have described. Surely such a prospect should constitute a stirring challenge to the heart and mind of the true educator.

But someone will say, "Where is the poor school teacher to get the power and influence to carry out all that is implied in the challenge herein set forth?" As was said in the beginning, the educator is not a mere school teacher who is content to do his daily grind, with his monthly salary usually uppermost in his mind. The educator that we have in mind must have vision, he must be a creative personality; he must be a creative personality, he must have deep faith, based on knowledge that something can be done to greatly improve and enrich the rural life of Korea. Such an educator need not necessarily be a teacher in a school, though he may be; he might be a country pastor, or a missionary, or an official, or a farmer. The person who catches a vision of a reconstructed rural life along the lines here suggested, and who sets to work with a deeply felt purpose and succeeds in bringing into being, even in one small area, the kind of a rural community that he has seen in his imagination, that person, no matter what his trade or profession may be, is an educational leader of the highest order.

---

## A Clear Autumn Night

I look at the sky,  
Luna shines bright,  
The stars twinkle with mirth.  
I stand with delight  
'Neath the blue dome;  
I tread fallen leaves  
With no pain or moan;  
Clear autumn night.

The roads which I trod,  
The sounds I heard last,  
Even my griefs,  
These all are past.  
You bid me forget  
The things that affright.  
Like quartz I behold you,  
Clear autumn night.

—PARK YOUNGAL, '32, Ewha College.

# The Revised Version of St. John's Gospel

M. B. STOKES

**A**T A MEETING of the Bible Committee last March it was decided to publish a revised edition of the Gospel of St. John in Korean as a tentative publication. This decision means that it will be circulated among Korean Christians and missionaries with a view to having it critically examined by a large number of representative people. In view of the fact that the reaction toward this edition of one Gospel will largely determine the style to be used in the revised version of the New Testament, should it be decided to publish it later, it is important that a good many people make a careful examination of this publication, and send constructive criticisms and suggestions to the Revision Committee. A few statements in regard to this revision may be of some help in arriving at an intelligent understanding of the version.

In making this revision the committee has had in mind two things: first, a faithful rendering of the original into Korean, and second, the working out of a good literary style.

This version is based upon the Greek text. Several versions in English, as well as several in Japanese and Chinese, have been consulted, but the work is a revision worked out by a direct rendering of the Greek into Korean. The Greek text generally followed is the one published by the British and Foreign Bible Society. Very many of the changes made in the

revision are due to the fact that the present Korean version does not truly represent the Greek. The work of the committee would have been far easier had its members felt that they were at liberty to change the meaning of the original. But this was carefully avoided, and sometimes a more difficult, and perhaps a less logical rendering was preferred in the effort to make a faithful translation.

In considering the style to be used the committee had in mind the people who are going to read the book: the present Christian community, the non-Christian masses, and particularly the young people, both church members and others. With this constituency in view, the attempt was made to develop a clear, concise, and readable style. In other words, the committee attempted to make the book "speak Korean." To this end, short sentences, commonly used connectives, and short endings have been used. The conversational sections are in spoken language, and quotation marks have been introduced in order to make the meaning more clear.

This revision of St. John's Gospel represents several months of hard work on the part of eight or ten people. The committee has done the best it could, but is fully aware of the fact that there are imperfections in the work. Criticisms and suggestions will therefore be welcomed.

---

## The Lake

These two hands might suffice  
To cover amply all  
Your face so small and nice.

But memory defies  
A lake large as a sea  
Can I but shut my eyes.

Trans. by PROF. PYEN,  
Ewha College.



# A Letter to a Sick Girl

*The Story of a Korea Missionary's Travels in the Holy Land  
written in Severance Hospital, from one patient to another.*

**G**OOD MORNING, Miss Gladys. Have you had your cornflakes? If so, now that we have finished with the "throbbing love songs of Agar's Taj Mahal" we will step aboard the steamer at Bombay and cross the Indian Ocean; our first port of call will be Aden. It would be nice to have a dip in the warm waters of the harbour, but I am afraid the sharks would get you and you would be sorry: so we will go and see "Cain's Tomb" instead. The Arabs say that Cain felt so badly after killing his brother Abel that he took a journey through the Arabian desert, and when at Aden died of thirst. Aden, "a dry and thirsty land, where no water is." As we sail out of Aden I will show you "Moses" looking at us from one of the rocky peaks. On the Red Sea we can watch a caravan of camels crossing the desert and heading for Sinai, and I hope we will meet again the storm I saw there, and may be the thick darkness, the thunderings and lightnings repeating again which I saw that night on the Red Sea. Some time I will tell you all about it.

We will not leave the boat at Suez for we must see the Canal, the "asparagus ditch" of Disraeli. This is a sight not to be missed. However, we will leave the boat at Port Said and away by rail for Cairo. Here we will first visit the Mohammedan University, and see the Koran roll. We will visit the Alabaster Mosque and Palace in the morning. In the afternoon away to ancient Heroptes and see, in an ancient Coptic Chapel, the resting place of Joseph and Mary when they took the child Jesus and fled to Egypt. We will then cross the Nile and pay our respects to the Sphynx, with the body of a lion and the head of a man—the strength, and wisdom of the world. Then to the Great Pyramid and, with guides and candles, we will get the thrill of our lives as we trail our way, up, up, up till we come to

the Sarcophagus; then you will feel the creeps up and down your spinal cord as in those spooky chambers the eyes of the wild Egyptians flash round the spirits of the haunted tomb. When you get out of there and breathe the free air again you will know that you have had an experience.

We must then go and see Rameses II; he will greet you at the entrance of the Museum. Here we will also call on "Tut" and see the treasures lately taken from his royal tomb, the sight of a lifetime. As you say farewell to the golden sandals, and the rings of his toes, this museum takes you 3000 years down the back stairs of the back ages. I must leave this for you to see for yourself, and now "Tut" will see us safely away. At night we will take the train for Jerusalem and arrive there about 9 a. m. next day. I know you will like to see Bethlehem, and stand on one of the hills overlooking the valley where David shepherded the sheep, and look across to the land of Moab and see Naomi and Ruth climbing the pathway up to the little town of Bethlehem. They are on their last lap of the journey, and you will look across from where you are standing and see the field of Boaz. I know you will like a ride on the Jericho road to the Jordan River; we will take a side jaunt to the Dead Sea, and have a float upon its waters. Then for the "Crossing of Jordan", and away to Gilgal, "crossing the brook Cherith". We must sit by the spring at Jericho, have some lunch, including Jericho oranges for the fruit. Back that evening to Jerusalem, and on the way we will tarry a while at Bethany.

Next morning we will climb Mt. Moriah and watch for Abraham with his bundle of wood climbing the mountain side, with Isaac wistfully asking his Dad, "Here is the wood for the sacrifice, but where is the lamb?" As you stand under the dome of the Mosque of Omar

you may look upon that altar of stone where Isaac was bound, where David offered his sacrifice, and where the Arabs claim Mohammed winged his flight to the world beyond, and while we tarry there in silence we may see, as I have seen, the Arabs at prayer. From here we go out of the Sheep Gate to the Pool of Bethesda, to the hall of Pilate, and then out on David's Street we will wind our way to the Weeping Wall, for it is Friday evening. Here a scene you will long remember, as you listen to the lamentations of the Jews, old and young, men and women, blending the languages of five nations in their long, mournful wail. Jews from Spain, Jews from Russia, Jews from Germany, Jews from Palestine, Jews from Egypt. The sun has gone down, and we must return to our hotel, a Jew is the proprietor—round the table father, mother, sons and daughters are gathered. Father starts the ritual, and all join in the Hebrew roots as their voices blend in their holy service. Jews, guests in the hotel, all join in the service that ends their week days and ushers in their Sabbath. This is also something tabulated in the memory.

Next day we will visit the holy Sepulchre, and see the fakes and fakirs; we will leave here for the "Garden Tomb", this is worth while. We will see "Jeremiah's Grotto" and right above us is Calvary. We leave the tomb to walk on that hill as it overlooks the city. It is "the place of killing," so called by the Arabs to this day. How this "hill of killing" and the Garden Tomb fit in with the sacred record! You see something here that is not to be seen in what is called the Holy Sepulchre. This visits to Calvary makes a fitting close to our sojourn in the city of David.

Next day we are away on the road to Nazareth, we lunch at "Jacob's Well" and drink from that never failing spring. We see the Arabs and the shepherds with their flocks and herds, yes and their tents as in the time

of Paul. Mt. Tabor, the picket of Nazareth, allows us to pay a short visit to the "Carpenter's" home town, and then away through Cana of Galilee, to see the women still carrying water as they did of old in the days of the marriage in Cana of Galilee. With the setting of the sun we look down on the placid waters of dear old Lake of Galilee. We must spend the night there, for next day we are to be in Damascus; we call on the way at Capernaum to see them at work excavating that buried city. In Damascus we must have a walk through the street called "Straight", for it is the same old street as in Paul's day. Here we spend the night and next day we see something of this historic city.

Then away again on our way to Beyrout; we must stop for a while at Balbec, and see one of the real wonders of the world, the ruins of the temple at Balbec; we must not pass this by, nor forget to peep at the stones left in the quarry. As we sail round Southern Europe, Constantinople, Athens, etc., we will land at Naples, and when we have seen the art galleries of Rome and Florence, when we have seen the masterpiece of Michael Angelo and others we will keep as our objective the Ammer valley in Bavaria, and if we cannot see the Passion Play, we must call on Anton Lang and other notable actors in the Passion Play of Oberammergau. Nor may we leave Europe till we have knelt by the graves of loved ones in "Flanders Fields" and placed a flower on the Unknown Soldier's resting place.

A trip via the ports is worth while. It filled me with love and sympathy for every colour, tribe and race I met in all my travels. Please excuse me; I started to write and say good morning—and here, scribbling on my knee in bed, I notice that the page and time bid me say "God bless you, and may this day be happy and blessed to you!"

Yours in the other room,  
D. M. MACRAE.



## "Caller Herrin" Fisher Folk

F. S. MILLER

**T**O-DAY FROM my window I counted fifty fishing boats coming up the harbor under full sail. It was one of the prettiest sights I have seen and enough to make one rave against the fussy regulations about photography—a plague on those fortified islands, anyway! Under a stiff breeze they came along fast, stretching from the wharf right out to the point like a flock of great sea-gulls. Each boat had its flag flying—evidence to the initiated that it was full of herring. Probably there were well over one million fish under the hatches of that fleet at the moment (too bad that modern science, with all its miracles, couldn't produce a boneless variety). A good herring season means a lot to Wonsan. Last year Yen 400,000 worth were handled in this port and this season will probably set a higher figure. The season only lasts about a month as the fish move along the coast.

Over at the landing wharf there is a busy scene. One needs rubber boots. Here the fish are tumbled ashore in feverish haste so that

the boats may get back to the fishing grounds. Each herring gets a lot of handling—more than is good for it. They are first flung in huge piles, being counted and salted during the flinging process. Later they are tied in strings of twenty each, piled up and salted some more. Then they are packed in straw bales and shipped. This morning they were selling at 25 yen per chup (2000) but before the afternoon had passed the price had dropped to 22 yen. Pretty cheap food! surely no one is hungry in Wonsan to-day.

Along the wharf the beggars were all in evidence, and they all had some fish. One leper, rather far gone, had several days eating tucked away in different pockets of his rags. The fisher folk looked rather a rough lot. It is not a dainty manner of life. They were saturated with herring, they smelt of herring, some of them were plastered with scales. What a mad scramble for food it all is!

---

"Caller Herrin." An old English street cry meaning "fresh herrings." Ed.

## Greetings from Syenchun

**T**HE YEARS of the history of the Syen Chun Station of the Northern Presbyterian Mission now number thirty, and it seems advisable to review the past and to plan for a Forward Movement in the future. In the first place, we want to send greetings to all friends of the Station and Mission, and to ask them to think of us in a very special way this year and to pray for our work daily.

Nearly a third of a century ago, five missionaries, Dr. and Mrs. Sharrocks, Mr. and Mrs. Leck, and Mrs. Whittemore came first to this station and lived in remodeled Korean houses. The Sharrocks' house was the first residence to go up. Sickness and death visited

the tiny group that first year, but nevertheless their courage burned bright and clear. The work among the Koreans seems to have progressed very rapidly in spite of plague and war. Syenchun has been blessed with strong native leaders right from the first. Work among women got a fine start, too, under Miss Chase, who arrived December, 1901.

But all this and much more of interest and of comparison can be found in the Station Report to be printed this summer. This preliminary note is but to whet the appetite! In October we will have a special celebration, with exhibits, recalling of experiences, and so forth.

# Women's Medical Education

MRS. ROSETTA SHERWOOD HALL, M. D.

**A** MONTH AFTER the completion of my forty years of service in Korea a committee of Korean friends, ascertaining that I refused any anniversary or personal gifts, but would deeply appreciate a fund for the Woman's Medical Institute to help convert it into a Medical College, took steps to create such a fund and it was begun with Yen 660. Of this sum Yen 85 was contributed by the blind girls, believing that more medical women all over Korea would help to prevent blindness. A few other friends in England, America, China and even Africa added to the fund until now it is nearly doubled, a small nest-egg to be sure, but we trust larger sums may soon be placed about it.

Owing to the generous faithfulness of our free-service faculty the Woman's Medical Institute continues to carry on at the Ella Anthony Lewis Memorial Hall, and the students seem well satisfied. Most of the faculty have served this work from the beginning and a goodly number are now giving 4 to 6 hours, per week where at first they gave 2 hours, and as we begin new subjects they help to secure the new doctors needed. It certainly is a most encouraging experience and no doubt proves the need of this work that neither government or missions are doing.

In March Dr. Pak graduated at the Tokyo Women's Medical College, and in April began her internship with Dr. Leadbeater. At the urgent request of Drs. Leadbeater and Block we have given some financial assistance to a new student in the Tokyo College.

Our new class this year numbers ten and beside being all Higher School graduates several have had their fifth year in Japan, but found they could not finance a medical course there. One student, who did complete the pre-medical work of the Women's Medical College but on account of the greater expense was unable to study further there, was transferred

to our 1st year medical class. It is a satisfaction that this Medical Institute is proving more and more attractive to young women who long to study medicine and to their friends who often prefer them to study here. As usual the class comes from all parts of Korea, from Fusan, Yengbyen, Hamheung, Haiju, Seoul, Pyengyang, Kwangju, and Tai-ku; about half are graduates of Government Higher Schools, and the others are from Mission Higher Schools, the class-standing of one of the latter being 2nd in a graduating class of fifty-one, while others stand 2nd or 4th in good sized classes. Another, after graduating from a Mission Higher School, had a year of study in Japan and two years in China: and there are other items of interest were there time to relate them.

To Miss S. C. Kang belongs the distinction of being the first to complete the first set of five Government medical examinations. To date eight different students have passed twenty-four of their examinations. They are now receiving clinical instruction at a Charity Hospital in Yongsan where the doctors in each department are very kind to them, and they are getting good practical experience: but it is such a distance from East Gate and consumes so much time to go and come that we very much want to secure such work nearer by.

I am gratified to report that Dr. Grace Song Line has made a good payment upon her obligation to the medical educational fund, and plans to cancel it all soon: this is especially opportune since there have been lessened amounts from some other sources of help for our students.

Our students now total 32 made up as follows: 6 in the 3rd year Medical, 6 in the 2nd year, 10 in the 1st year and 10 in the pre-medical. In the summer vacation some are volunteering to pass on to their own neighborhoods



the things in hygiene they are learning here, and others hope to interest friends to contribute toward the Medical College fund.

I continue to feel my weakness and insuff-

iciency for this work, and pray God to send for its leadership Dr. Grace Song Line, or someone of His choice more fit than I am for this great work!

## Helping Hands

**A** LEPER! Anywhere in the world that is a terrible enough report. Now it has come to one who is far more sensitive to such a tragedy than the average person. A young girl, one who was receiving especial advantages, one who was attractive, a student in the Girls' School here. A leper! It was an awful realization; she did not want to believe it. She must stop school and go to the leper colony, but there was no place for her even in the colony unless she could get the money to pay her way. Always full and overflowing, this leper colony. Her father was dead. Her mother had married a second time and the second husband is now in the hospital, having been there for three months, so the mother is not able to pay anything toward her support. What can be done?

Last week the Soonchun Presbytery met at Soonchun. When the business was over I saw a teacher of the Girls' School with 14 cloth bags with fancy work on them. "The Young Ladies Y. W. C. A. of the Girls' School would like to have you men see the bags they have made for the purpose of selling, we wish to help pay the way of our fellow student in the leper colony. Fourteen girls have made fourteen bags, buy them and let the profits go to this needy cause." Who originated the idea? Necessity and Christian love. They were all sold and that right quickly; immediately they were passed through the audience and before one could get a chance at them they had been taken. The profits were four yen. The little girl can stay longer in the leper colony. Why? Her sisters in Soonchun Girls' School have earned for her a month's maintenance.

Now it is interesting to find out about the little leper girl but it is also interesting to

learn who the fourteen girls are. Most of them are poor girls who are working their way through the school by weaving cloth. They work in the afternoons and make three and one half cents an hour. Their parents are so poor that they cannot send them to school and thus the daughters have to help themselves. Think of dividing such a sum, of taking what is not enough for one's self and giving to others! Once there was a widow who donated her mites and Jesus said that wherever the gospel should be preached this that she had done would be told about. And to what effect? Here are the effects--*Fourteen girls, fourteen bags, four yen.*

J. KELLY UNGER,  
Soonchun, Korea.

## Notes and Personals

### Southern Presbyterian Mission:

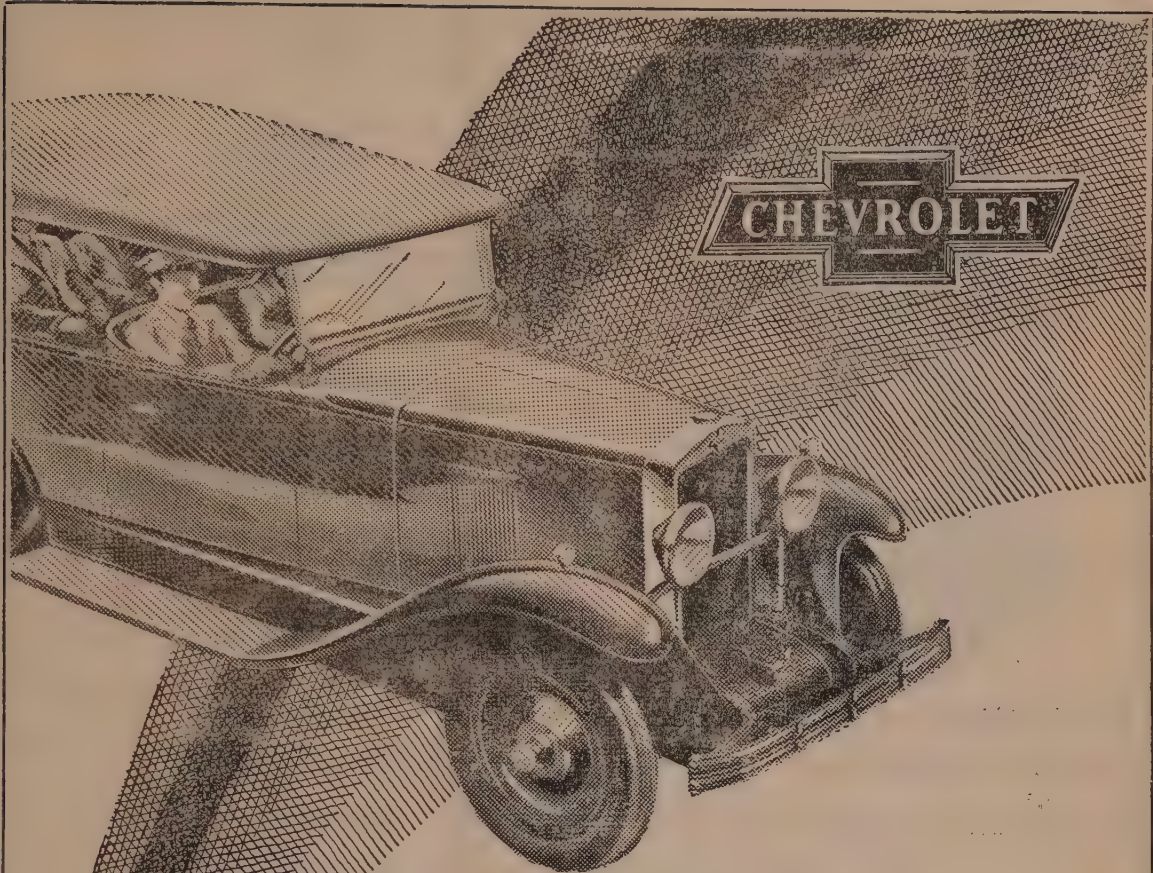
*Returned from Furlough*

Rev. and Mrs. J. S. Nisbet and Margaret, to Mokpo.

The death is announced of Mr. George Braithwaite, at the age of seventy, at Tokyo, on June 18th. - He did yeoman service in Japan for Christian literature for forty-five years, from 1886 to 1899 as an agent of the B. & F. Bible Society and since that year until his decease as Secretary of the Japan Book and Tract Society.

The dates of coming events are always of interest; here are some of them:—

Presbyterian Council	at Onchungli	Sept. 11th
Presbyterian General Assembly ...	at Onchungli	Sept. 11th
National Council of Churches ...	at Seoul	Sept. 19th
Federal Council of Missions ...	at Seoul	Sept. 19th
C. L. S. Annual Meeting	at Seoul	Sept. 21th



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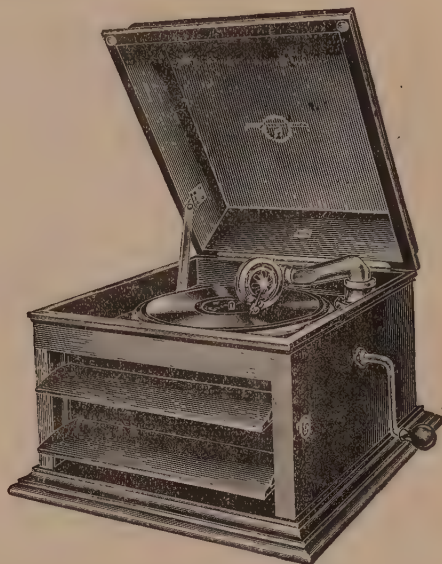


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